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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

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Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute offered.

Feb 17

Chancery Sale of Masonic Temple

Second National Bank, et al., vs. N. J. Vaughan, et al.

Pursuant to a decree of the Chancery Court, in above styled cause, at the February Special Term, 1893, I will, on

Saturday, April 29, 1893,

Expose to public sale at the court-house door, in the town of Columbia, the property known as the Masonic Temple, and more fully described as follows: Beginning at the intersection of West Seventh and Garden streets, from which 47 degrees 10 minutes W. 12 feet 5 inches is a corner post; running thence North with the East margin of Garden street 150 feet 5 inches to the S. W. corner of Miss Laura Frierson's lot, thence with her lot 99 feet to a stake, thence South 81 feet 5 inches to a stake, thence West 24 feet to a stake, thence South 70 feet to a stake in the North margin of West Seventh street, thence West 75 feet to the beginning, on which lies a building known as the Masonic Temple.

Terms of Sale.—The sum of \$9,750 will be required on day of sale, balance on a credit of one and two years. Notes bearing interest from day of sale with approved personal security will be required of the purchaser, and a lien retained to secure payment of the purchase money.

J. C. DEXTER, D. C. M.

Chancery Sale of Land.

H. R. Freeman, et al., vs. Mary Barker, et al.

Pursuant to a decree of sale entered in above styled cause at the February term, 1893, at page 539, I will, on

Saturday, April 29, 1893,

Expose to public sale at the court-house door, in the town of Columbia, the following described tract or parcel of land, to-wit: Bounded on the North by Runway, on the East by Hardison, on the South by Leftwich and Journey, and on the West by Prim, containing about 180 or 190 acres, it being the tract previously sold in this cause to one J. K. Gilliam.

Said sale will be for cash free from the right and equity of redemption, purchaser to comply with terms on day of sale.

J. C. DEXTER, D. C. M.

To Elizabeth Hayes, et al.

G. P. Frierson, vs. H. A. Brown, et al.

It appearing from affidavit filed in this cause that the defendants, Elizabeth Hayes, Abram Collett and his wife, Mary Collett, H. S. Stewart, Edmund Stewart, Elvira Stewart, James Stewart, Hugh A. Steele, John R. Steele, Henry O. Steele, H. B. Steele, E. H. Greer and his wife, Annie E. Greer, Lodia Huskins and Odis Huskins, John H. Stewart, Robert H. Burke and his wife, Mary Jane Burke, James M. Painter, W. B. Rutherford and his wife, Virginia C. Rutherford, Anna M. Spangler and Hugh L. Spangler, James Collett and his wife, Jane Collett, J. H. Collett and his wife, Eliza Collett, O. C. Collett, Martha A. Marler, Vienna Stewart, N. F. Littlejohn and his wife, S. A. E. Littlejohn, and all owners of the real estate of John Brown, deceased, of Maury County, Tennessee, whose names and places of residence are unknown to the complainant, and are non-residents of the State of Tennessee, it is therefore ordered that they enter their appearance, herein, on or before the third Monday of April next, 1893, that being a Rule Day of the Chancery Court for Maury County, Tennessee, and plead, answer, or demur to the bill of Complaint, or the same will be taken for confessed as to them, and that a copy of this order be published for four consecutive weeks in the COLUMBIA HERALD.

J. C. DEXTER, D. C. M.

G. P. FRIERSON, Solr. for Compl't.

Feb 24-45.

"I ain't much at the pianny," said the coal-yard employee as he adjusted the weight of a load of coal, "but I'm great at ruinin' the scales."—Washington Star.

Visitor (looking at picture gallery): Oh! These are your ancestors? Very fine, indeed. Friend: No, sir! That is my collection of portraits of Christopher Columbus.—Puck.

Miss Angles: I see that Patti is to make another farewell tour. I wonder what she will sing. Miss Angles: Offenbach, I presume. —Kate Field's Washington.

Mr. Lazarus Slimpore (indignantly): I know—I know too well—the reason of your refusal. It's because I'm poor. You would marry me if I were rich. Miss Bell Golightly: Perhaps so; but you would have to be very, very, very rich.—Judy.

AT HER WEDDING.

There was no profusion
Of jewels or lace,
No yards of ribbon,
Her figure to grace,
But the bride was most simply
And tastefully dressed,
In the style and the color
That suited her best.

And Fred in a whisper—she stood at my side—
Told "I never beheld a more beautiful bride."

I hardly need mention
The fact, I presume,
But all my attention
Was fixed on the groom,
Whose face so reflected
The joy of his heart
That in the sweet service
My own took a part.

And, oh, 'twas a scene we remember with pride,
For Fred was the bridegroom, and I was the bride.

—New York Ledger.

BRIEF WEDLOCK.

The date of this occurrence is not important—in fact, it is just as well left untold. I was on the hotel run for a morning paper in St. Paul at the time, and glancing over the Ryan register one afternoon I saw the name Mrs. George Trehune. It was written in the long, angular scrawl affected so extensively by women of the dramatic profession, and although I had never before heard of Mrs. Trehune her signature attracted my attention. There is more of instinct than any other sense in selecting from a long list of signatures those of people worth interviewing. Mrs. Trehune's slantdash characters set me wondering what sort of a woman she was, and nothing was easier than to find out, so I handed my card to the clerk, pointed to the room, No. 205, and awaited the return of the bellboy.

In five minutes, or thereabouts, he informed me that I was to "go right up," and up I went.

"Come in," called a voice in answer to my tap on the door. Entered. Near the open fire in an armchair sat a young woman. She wore a white gown of that soft caressing wool that so invariably sets off well the wearer's charms. Rising as I entered she advanced toward me, and her manner betrayed at once the well-bred woman. I took a mental photograph of the face and figure before me. The former was oval, well featured, set with a pair of lustrous dark eyes and framed in curls of an indefinable color—half golden, half brown. The latter was tall and shapely.

"Pray be seated," she said as I began to explain why I had asked for an interview. "Oh, yes," she went on, "I know why you came. I have several friends in the profession, and in fact have the greatest regard for daily newspaper writers. They are equal to almost anything."

"You flatter the craft," I answered. "Some of us are very retiring. I am."

"I hope you are not, sir," said my charming vis-a-vis, leaning impulsively forward as she spoke. Her elbow found support on the arm of the chair, her chin rested on her shapely white hand, and her large dark eyes looked straight into mine. It was an embarrassing situation, and I confess I hardly knew what to make of it. With an effort I met the gaze of this strange young woman and said inquiringly, "You dislike nervous people?"

"I should hate myself if that were the case," replied Mrs. Trehune, "for I am all nerves. Oh, dear, dear; if I only dared to do it."

With a sudden whisk she was out of the chair and pacing back and forth on the carpet like a caged lioness. There was very evidently something wrong with Mrs. Trehune. Why, good heavens, she was sobbing!

"My dear madam," I exclaimed, "if I can be of any possible service—"

"Oh, I dare not ask it of a stranger," she protested, throwing up both hands dramatically. "And yet," she added, "none but a stranger would do."

The sight of the tears had scattered my self-possession to the winds. I was ready now to fight a duel or two if necessary in defense of this mysterious young person.

"Ask anything you like," I said desperately. "I'll do it."

"Will you," whispered Mrs. Trehune, coming hurriedly toward me. "If you will do what I ask, I can never do enough for you in return. Mine is a case that requires immediate and skillful action. You will have to use all your finesse, for I have not time to explain matters fully. You must be patient, then, indignant and finally exasperated. Do you understand?"

"Certainly," I answered promptly. "Crazy as a March hare was my inward reflection."

"And you will do this for a stranger?" inquired Mrs. Trehune.

"Command me," I replied.

"Then listen," she said, drawing her chair near mine with an apprehensive glance at the door. "I am not Mrs. Trehune. I shall be this afternoon if all goes well, but at present I am Clara Talbot. I have run away from my home in Chicago to marry Mr. Trehune. He is of Kansas City and was to have met me here. I have received a telegram from him to say that his train is several hours late. Never mind why it is necessary for me to run away. It is a family matter. My people have never seen Mr. Trehune. I met him at the house of a friend in Europe last year. They wanted me to marry another man. I fled yesterday after telling George to meet me here. My father has followed me. He is in the hotel now; (another glance at the door) his card preceded yours. I sent word that I was dressing, and he is waiting down stairs. When I read the name on your card—a newspaper man—I conceived this plan: Will you be my husband for half an hour?"

I started up like a scared jack rabbit. "Good gracious, madam," I exclaimed, "I don't know enough about you to do the thing successfully."

"Oh, try," pleaded the brown-eyed fugitive, "please try!"

"I'll do it," I said desperately, and the next instant there was a crash. The door flew back, and in burst an old gentleman with a very red face, from which a couple of small eyes snapped angrily as he dashed his hat and cane down on the center table. Using the latter as a

sort of rest, he glared straight at the girl and began to rave, ignoring me entirely.

"Well, madame," in a tone of concentrated fury, "what the devil do you mean by this disgraceful escapade?"

My temporary wife glanced hopefully toward where I sat, with a cry such of the old gentleman's came. Summoning all my fortitude I arose and looked the traitor parent straight in the eye.

"I shall have to request, sir," I said, "that in addressing this lady you will remember that respect is due her as my wife and your daughter. You must show her that respect, sir. Do you understand?" raising my voice a little on the last few words.

"Oh," shrieked the venerable pater, literally dancing with rage. "So you are the blackguard who has inveigled my daughter into this d—d idocy. By gad, sir, I've a good mind to thrash you!" and the cane was raised threateningly.

"I hope you will change your mind and improve your language," I went on as calmly as possible. "Your present conduct will result in a scandal."

"Scandal be d—d, sir! What could be more scandalous than the present state of affairs?" he cried.

"Things went on in this way for 10 minutes, until the old man howled himself hoarse, and I could hear the bell boys tittering in the hall outside. Then he gradually calmed down, and as a last resort tried the sympathetic dodge on the terrified young woman. The latter had hardly spoken a word throughout the scene. She was too badly frightened, I think.

There were tears in the old gentleman's voice as he turned toward my supposed wife. Had she not always been well treated? Was not her mother the best of mothers? Had he not been the most indulgent of fathers? Was not her home one of luxury? etc. Yes, she admitted every charge in the indictment as it was checked off.

"But, father," she sobbed, "I loved him so very much, and—oh! I could not marry that other."

"Where was this wretched marriage performed?" he inquired savagely.

"Milwaukee," answered the girl in a great hurry.

"I'll have it dissolved, by gad, I will!" swore the enraged pater, getting noisy again.

"Let me remind you, sir," I said deliberately, "that your daughter is of age (I was not sure about it); that we are legally married and that any amount of talk will not alter the fact. I must also suggest that as our train leaves for the south at 4 o'clock we have very little time to devote to this sort of thing."

"El! What! Adding insult to injury!" he roared. "Well, I'll leave you here for the present, but you will hear from me, sir," shaking the cane in my face. "I'm not the man to submit tamely to a rascally abduction of this character. You're a scoundrel, sir, a d—d scoundrel," reiterated my angelic father-in-law, and with this choice parting shot he retired, slamming the door after him.

"How did I manage it?" I inquired, turning to where the future Mrs. Trehune was sitting. She had fainted. Just like a woman! She had the nerve to go through a scene like this undisturbed to all appearance, and then, when the danger was over, she must spoil it all by an exhibition of weakness. I rushed to the water, poured a glass of it out and approached the young woman. She was recovering, though, before I reached her, and in an instant sat up.

"How can I ever repay you?" she asked.

"You did it superbly, and George will soon be here now (glancing at her watch). My dear sir," she went on, "I cannot tell you how grateful I am. I shall make Mr. Trehune call at your office this evening and thank you personally."

My engagement as Miss Talbot's husband was evidently at an end; so, protesting that I would willingly have done twice as much for her, I withdrew. Trehune came in late in the afternoon, and they were married by the rector of Christ church. The Kansas City young man called on me in the evening and insisted on my going to supper with him and the bride. We had a jolly little spread of pate de fois gras and champagne at the Ryan cafe, and I have never set eyes on either of the Trehunes or the venerable Mr. Talbot of Chicago from that moment to this.—Arthur Peller in Chicago Herald.

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April 7-45

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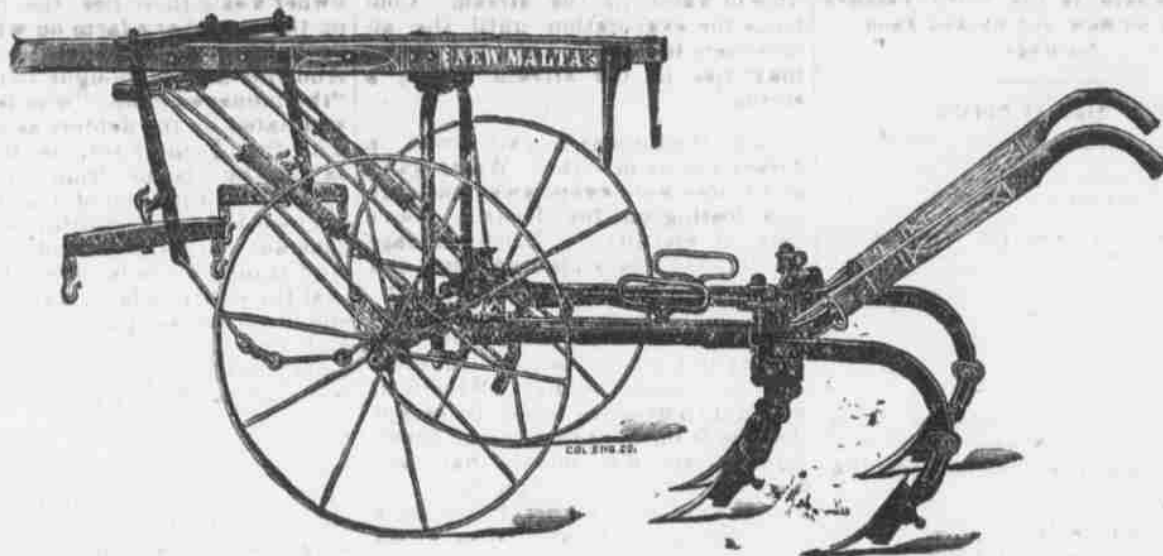
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Feb 17

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Jan 6-17

The Profit on Cigarettes.

New brands of cigarettes are put on the market with discouraging regularity. Dealers say there is no profit in their sale, yet no tobaccoist can afford to be without them in stock. One of the largest dealers in the city in all kinds of tobacco has made it the rule of his establishment that no cigarettes shall be sold on credit. Said he: "To sell a new cigarette on credit is just like lending him money out of my own pocket. There is nothing in lending them. With cigars it is different. There is a good profit in them, and I will sell on credit to any good man, because I can afford to wait for the money."—New York Tribune.

All in One Day.

It is told of a well known Kentucky colonel that once he invited a gentleman to dine with him at Chamberlain's in Washington. Among other things ordered was porterhouse steak, with onions. His guest asked to be excused from partaking of this dish. "It gives me a bad smelling breath," he said. "Never you mind about that," remarked the colonel; "wait till you get the bill—that will take your breath away." The ease with which the colonel changed from host to guest nearly took his friend's breath away. The bill did completely. —San Francisco Argonaut.

An Early Taste For Art.

A well known magazine illustrator developed her taste for drawing at an early age. She was a bashful little girl, who refused to talk to visitors, but it was often found afterward that she had occupied the time of their stay by making caricatures of the company on her slate as she sat in her isolated corner. —New York Times.

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Nov 17

LAND SALE.

150 Acres in Eighteenth District

Pursuant to a decree of the Worshipful County Court, of Maury County, Tenn., at April term 1893 in the cause of B. W. Jones et al., vs. Mary Sewell et al.

as Special Commissioner will Monday May 3, 1893 on the premises, within lawful hours in the Eighteenth District of said county expose to public sale to the highest and best bidder the following lands, bounded and described as follows:

Bounded on the North by J. W. Jones, East by Petty and John Cook, South by John McMeen and West by Dr. J. A. Burrow. Containing one hundred and fifty acres more or less, lying in the Eighteenth Civil District of Maury County, Tenn.

Terms of sale: one-third cash, balance in equal installments, one and two years with personal security. Sale free of all encumbrances, dower and homestead and of redemption.

B. W. JONES, Special Commissioner County Court Maury County

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- \$2.50, \$3.25 and \$3.00 for Working Men.
- \$2.00 and \$1.75 for Youths and Boys.
- \$3.00 Hand-Sewed.
- \$2.50 and 2.00 Dongola, LADIES.
- \$1.75 for Misses.

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Jan 13-17

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